



HUGGETS GATHERED

LOTT





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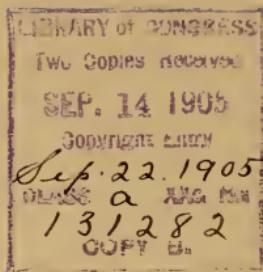
NUGGETS GATHERED

WITH THE TRUST THAT IN THIS FORM THEY
MAY BE OF HELPFUL SERVICE TO
TEACHERS AND TO THE BOYS
AND GIRLS IN THE
SCHOOLS

BY
HENRY C. LOTT
Superintendent of Schools
ELK RAPIDS, MICH.

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In this little volume are gathered thoughts new and old, expressed by different persons on various subjects, and all valuable. No attempt at arrangement or classification has been made. The searcher for truth as the searcher for gold is delighted by unexpected findings. So far as possible, credit has been given to the authoress.

H. C. L.

A HAPPY THOUGHT.

*The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.*

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

NUGGETS GATHERED.

GO, LITTLE BOOK.

Go, little book, and wish to all
Flowers in the garden, meat in the hall,
A bin of wine, a spice of wit,
A house with lawns enclosing it,
A living river by the door,
A nightingale in the sycamore!

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

AT THE START.

Young man,
What is your plan
Of progress? Are you
Going to pull through?
Or will you lie down in the road
And let your load
Sink you out of sight
In the mud?
Have you white
Blood,
And pale,
That curdles at the hard word “Fail,”

And dare not face
The chances of the race?
Or, have you red, clear red,
The good strong color
All the great have shed
In deed or thought,
For every triumph wrought
Out of what seemed full
Of the impossible?
Have you the nerve
To serve
Until you can be master? To wait
And work outside the gate
Until you win
The strength to open it and enter in?
Have you the heart to meet
Defeat
Day after day,
And yet hold to the way
That upward leads,
And must needs
Be hard and rough
To make man tough
Of sinew and of soul,
Before he sees the goal;—
So, when it is attained,
He shall have strength to hold
What he has gained,
And use it so
That it to greater good shall grow?

Young man,
Think on these things.
What each one brings
Is as you choose it;
You may take
The stake,
Or you may lose it.
Start in
To win
And keep straight in the way
Unflagging to the end;
Whatever it may be
Is victory.

—*William J. Lampton.*

LIVE FOR SOMETHING.

Live for something, have a purpose,
And that purpose keep in view;
Drifting like a helpless vessel,
Thou canst ne'er to life be true.
Half the wrecks that strew life's ocean,
If some star had been their guide,
Might have long been riding safely,
But they drifted with the tide.

—*Robert Whitaker.*

FOR THE MAN WHO FAILS.

The world is a snob, and the man who wins
Is the chap for its money's worth;
And the lust for success causes half the sins
That are cursing this brave old earth.
For it's fine to go up, and the world's applause
Is sweet to the mortal ear;
But the man who fails in a noble cause
Is a hero that's no less dear.

'Tis true enough that the laurel crown
Twines but for the victor's brow;
For many a hero has laid him down
With naught but the cypress bough.
There are gallant men in the losing fight,
And as gallant deeds are done
As ever grace the captured height,
Or the battle grandly won.

We sit at life's board with our nerves high strung
And we play for the stake of fame,
And our odes are sung and our banners hung
For the man who wins the game,
But I have a song of another kind
Than breathes in these fame-wrought gales—
An ode to the noble heart and mind
Of the gallant man who fails!

The man who is strong to fight his fight,
And whose will no front can daunt,
If the truth be truth and the right be right,
Is the man that the ages want.
Tho' he fall and die in grim defeat,
Yet he has not fled the strife,
And the house of Earth will seem more sweet
For the perfume of his life.

—*Paul Laurence Dunbar.*

BE STRONG.

Be strong !

We are not here to play, to dream, to drift.
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift,
Shun not the struggle ; face it. 'Tis God's gift.

Be strong !

Say not the days are evil—Who's to blame ?
And fold the hands and acquiesce—O shame !
Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.

Be strong !

It matters not how deep intrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day, how long,
Faint not, fight on. To-morrow comes the song.

—*Maltbie D. Babcock.*

* * * * *

Oh to be strong! Each morn to feel
 A fresh delight to wake to life;
To spring with bounding pulse to meet
 Whate'er of work, of care, of strife
Day brings to me! Each night to sleep
 The dreamless sleep that health can give;
No weary ache, no wearing pain,—
 Ah, then, indeed, 'twere joy to live!

SHIP OF STATE.

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all its hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What workman wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope.
Fear not each sudden sound and shock—
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale.
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea;
Our hearts, our hopes are all with thee;

Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!

—Longfellow.

WHO'S FOR THE HILLS?

Who's for the hills?

Ho! for the stress and struggle,
And at last the gain of summit places sure and fast.
Ho! for the clearer air, a fairer view,
The hill top nearer to the mighty blue,
Who's for the hills?

Who's for the hills?

Ho! for the morning wrestle
And the climb to loftier peaks above the fens of time,
A sturdy company,—come, let's go,
And leave the shadow line far, far, below,
Who's for the hills?

OPPORTUNITY SPEAKS.

Yes,
I am Opportunity;
But say, young man,
Don't wait for me
To come to you;
You buckle down

To win your crown,
And work with head
And heart and hands,
As does the man
Who understands
That those who wait,
Expecting some reward from fate,—
Or luck, to call it so,—
Sit always in the 'way-back row.
And yet
You must not let
Me get away when I show up.
The golden cup
Is not for him who stands,
With folded hands,
Expecting me
To serve his inactivity.
I serve the active mind,
The seeing eye,
The ready hand
That grasps me passing by,
And takes from me
The good I hold
For every spirit
Strong and bold.
He does not wait
On fate
Who seizes me,
For I am fortune,
Luck, and fate,
The corner stone

Of what is great
In man's accomplishment.
But I am none of these
To him who does not seize;
I must be caught,
If any good is wrought
Out of the treasures I possess.
Oh, yes,
I'm Opportunity;
I'm great;
I'm sometimes late,
But do not wait
For me;
Work on,
Watch on,
Good hands, good heart,
And some day you will see—
Out of your effort rising,—
Opportunity.

—*William J. Lampton.*

THE MAN FROM THE CROWD.

Men seem as alike as the leaves on the trees,
As alike as the bees in a swarming of bees;
And we look at the millions that make up the state,
All equally little and equally great,
And the pride of our courage is cowed.

Then Fate calls for a man who is larger than men,—
There's a surge in the crowd—there's a movement,—
 and then

There arises the man who is larger than men,—
 And the man comes up from the crowd.

The chasers of trifles run hither and yon,
And the little small days of small things still go on,
And the world seems no better at sunset than dawn,
And the race still increases its plentiful spawn,
 And the voice of our wailing is loud.

Then the great deed calls out for the great man to
 come,
And the crowd, unbelieving, sits sullen and dumb,—
But the great deed is done, for the great man is
 come,—

Aye, the man comes up from the crowd.

There's a dead hum of voices, all say the same thing,
And our forefathers' songs are the songs that we sing,
And the deeds by our fathers and grandfathers done
Are done by the son of the son of the son,
 And our heads in contrition are bowed.

Lo, a call for a man who shall make all things new
Goes down through the throng! See! he rises in view!
Make room for the man who shall make all things
 new!—

For the man who comes up from the crowd.

And where is the man who comes up from the throng,
Who does the new deed and who sings the new song,
And who makes the old world as a world that is new,
And who is the man? It is you! It is you!

And our praise is exultant and proud.
We are waiting for you there,—for you are the man!
Come up from the jostle as soon as you can;
Come up from the crowd there, for you are the man,—
The man who comes up from the crowd.

—*Sam Walter Foss.*

HE IS NOT UNWORTHY.

If one has failed to reach the end he sought,
If out of effort no great good is wrought,
It is not failure, if the object be
The betterment of man; for all that he
Has done and suffered is but gain
To those who follow seeking to attain
The end he sought. His efforts they
Will find are guideposts on the way
To that accomplishment which he,
For some wise purpose, could not be
The factor in. There is a need
Of unsuccessful effort; 'tis the seed
Whose mission is to lie beneath
The soil that grows the laurel wreath,
And he is not unworthy who
Fails struggling manfully to do

What must be done, in dire distress,
That others may obtain success.

—*William J. Lampton.*

THE AVERAGE MAN.

When it comes to the question of trusting
Yourself to the risks of the road,
When the thing is the sharing of burdens,
The lifting the heft of the load;
In the hour of peril or trial,
In the hour you meet as you can,
You may safely depend on the wisdom
And skill of the average man.

'Tis the average man and no other,
Who does his plain duty each day;
The small thing his wage is for doing,
In the commonplace bit of the way.
'Tis the average men, may God bless him,
Who pilots us still in the van,
Over land, over sea, as we travel,
Just the plain, hardy, average man.

So on through the days of existence,
All mingling in shadow and shine,
We may count on the every day hero,
Who haply the gods may divine;

But who wears the swarth grime of his call,
And labors and earns as he can,
And stands at last with the noblest,
The commonplace, average man.

THE OPTIMIST.

He sees above the vault of night
Ten thousand gleaming points of light,
Beyond the dark and shadowed way
The purple streaks of coming day;
And though the way be hard and long
He cheers him onward with a song,—

The optimist.

LIVE IT DOWN.

Has your heart a bitter sorrow?

Live it down.

Think about a bright tomorrow,

Live it down.

You will find it never pays

Just to sit wet-eyed and gaze

On the grave of vanished days;

Live it down.

Is disgrace your galling burden?

Live it down.

You can win a brave heart's guerdon;

Live it down.

Make your life so free from blame,

That the luster of your fame

Shall hide all the olden shame;

Live it down.

Has your heart a secret trouble?

Live it down.

Useless grief will make it double,

Live it down.

Do not water it with tears—

Do not feed it with your fears—

Do not nurse it through the years—

Live it down.

Have you made some awful error?

Live it down.

Do not hide your face in terror;

Live it down.

Look the world square in the eyes;

Go ahead as one who tries

To be honored ere he dies;

Live it down.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

CLEAR THE WAY.

Men of thought ! be up and stirring
 Night and day :
Sow the seed—withdraw the curtain—
 Clear the way !
Men of action aid and cheer them,
 As ye may !
There's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to beam,
There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow,
There's a midnight blackness changing
 Into gray ;
Men of thought and men of action,
 Clear the way !

Once the welcome light has broken,
 Who shall say
What the unimagined glories
 Of the day !
What the evil that shall perish
 In its ray !
Aid the dawning, tongue and pen ;
Aid it, hopes of honest men ;
Aid it, paper—aid it, type—
Aid it, for the hour is ripe,

And our earnest must not slacken
 Into play,
Men of thought and men of action,
 Clear the way!

—*Charles Mackay.*

MAN MAKES HIS PLACE.

One, harboring ambition, goes
 To tasks the lazy man would shun,
And if he governs men or hoes,
 The days are all too short: he knows
 No peace until his work is done,
 Until the goal he seeks is won.

Another, caring not to gain
 The glories waiting on the height,
Sits moaning o'er each little pain;
 He rests through every little rain,
 And, starting when the morning's bright,
 Begins to wish that it were night.

One sadly sees the setting sun
 And views his day's work with a sigh;
Another drops his tools to run,
 Nor cares how little he has done,
 And people still go asking why
 Some men are down and some are high.

—*S. E. Kiser.*

ONE FAITHFUL MAN.

One faithful man at freedom's gate
May save your city or your state,
One faithful man of good report
To every foreign camp and court
May save your land from deep disgrace
In many a diplomatic case.
One faithful man in freedom's ways
May set your cities' streets ablaze
With fire of patriotic zeal
And frenzy for the public weal,
May make your merchants sell their wares
As if the buyers held their shares,
Make lawyers heedful of their speech,
Make preachers practice what they preach,
Put courts and juries in a mood
To do all men an equal good.
One faithful man in every pew
May all our fealty renew
And make our zeal for sacred things
Sweet incense to the King of Kings.
And such a man, wherever born,
Wears all the glorious tints of morn
Within his glowing face, and stands
A poem, in all times and lands,
And to his enemies may say
In truth on each immortal day:

"Into my cabin you may come,
For God is here and hate is dumb."

—Dr. H. W. Roby.

WINNERS AND LOSERS.

The man who quits at the first rebuff
Is one of the men who fail;
And the man who deems three efforts enough
Is one of the men who fail!
The man who believes, down in his heart,
That he never was born to sway,
Or to go to the front in a leading part—
To rise o'er the crowd, some day—
Is one of the men who fail!

The man who labors but for himself
Is one of the men who fail;
No matter how vast his piles of pelf,
He is one of the men who fail!
The man who has never enjoyed the thrill
That follows a kindness shown
Has never won, and he never will!—
Though the earth were all his own,
He would still be doomed to fail!

The man who never gives up is one
Of the "lucky men" that win,
Who believes that his best has never been done
Is one of the men that win;

The man who has faith in himself and stands
 Forever ready to try
Whatever men do with heads or with hands
 Will be numbered, by and by,
As one of the men that win.

The man who praises wherever he can
 Is one of the men that win ;
Who raises the hope of his fellow man
 Is one of the men that win ;
A man may shiver and starve, alone,
 And die at the foot of the hill ;
But if he has loved and if he has known
 What a child's love is he still
Is one of the men that win !

—*S. E. Kiser.*

HALFWAY UP THE HEIGHTS.

I deeply sympathize with him
 Who's toilsome climbed to reach the top
Of Mount Success, and then by whim
 Of circumstance been forced to stop.
But then, since half the height he's scaled,
 I'd fain this altered phrase let fall :
'Tis better to have tried and failed
 Than never to have tried at all !

—*Roy Farrell Greene.*

WE BUILD THE LADDER.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true—
.That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under our feet,
By what we have mastered of greed and gain,
By the pride deposed, and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
When the morning calls us to life and light ;
But our hearts grow weary, and ere the night
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we pray,
And we think we must mount the air on wings,
Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for the men;
We may borrow the wings to find the way,
We may hope, and aspire, and resolve, and pray,
But our feet must rise or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire wall,
But the dreams depart, and the vision falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lonely earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit round by round.

—*Holland.*

RELIANCE.

Not to the swift, the race;
Not to the strong, the fight;
Not to the righteous, perfect grace;
Not to the wise, the light.

But often faltering feet
Come surest to the goal,
And they who walk in darkness meet
The sunrise of the soul.

A thousand times by night
The Syrian hosts have died;
A thousand times the vanquished right
Has risen glorified.

The truth the wise man sought
Was spoken by a child;
The alabaster box was brought
In trembling hands defiled.

Not from my torch, the gleam,
But from the stars above;
Not from our hearts, life's crystal stream,
But from the depths of Love.

—*Henry Van Dyke.*

VIM.

Did you tackle the trouble that came your way
With a resolute heart and cheerful,
Or hide your face from the light of day
With a craven soul and fearful?
Oh, a trouble's a ton, or a trouble's an ounce,
Or a trouble is what you make it.
And it isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts,
But only how did you take it.

You are beaten to earth? Well, well, what's that?
Come up with a smiling face.
It's nothing against you to fall down flat,
But to lie there—that's disgrace.

The harder you're thrown, why, the higher you
bounce;

Be proud of your blackened eye!
It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts:
It's how did you fight—and why?

And though you be done to the death, what then?

If you battled the best you could,
If you played your part in the world of men,
Why, the critic will call it good.

Death comes with a crawl, or comes with a pounce,
And whether he's slow or spry,
It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts,
But only how did you die?

—*Edmund Vance Cooke.*

WORKING MAN'S SONG.

Who lags for dread of daily work
And his appointed task would shirk,
Commits a folly and a crime;

A soulless slave—

A paltry knave—

A clog upon the wheels of Time.
With work to do and store of health,
The man's unworthy to be free

Who will not give,

That he may live,

His daily toil for daily fee.

No; let us work! We only ask
Reward proportioned to our task;
We have no quarrel with the great;
 No feud with rank—
 With mill or bank—
No envy of a lord's estate.
If we can earn sufficient store
To satisfy our need,
 And can retain,
 For age and pain,
A fraction, we are rich indeed.

No dread of toil have we or ours;
We know our worth, our weight, or powers.
The more we work, the more we win;
 Success to trade!
 Success to spade!
And to the corn that's coming in;
And joy to him, who, o'er his task,
Remembers toil is nature's plan;
 Who working thinks,
 And never sinks
His independence as a man.

Who only asks for humble wealth,
Enough for competence and health,
And leisure when his work is done,
 To read his book
 By chimney nook,
Or stroll at setting sun;

Who toils, as every man should toil,
For fair reward, erect and free;

These are the men—

The best of men—

These are the men we mean to be.

—*Chas. Mackay.*

DOWN THE TOBOGGAN SLIDE.

Last week Edward M. Field, degenerate son of the late Cyrus W. Field, was arraigned in the New York city police court on the charge of stealing an overcoat. He presented a pitiable picture, being dressed as a tramp and having no remnant of self-respect.

This man inherited an honored name and the best blood of New England. He was carefully educated. He was left a fortune by his father. Nevertheless he has gone clear down the toboggan slide to the bottom. Several years ago he began a wild life. He speculated and lost his money. He became a pensioner on the bounty of his relatives, who did all they could to reform him. But he kept going down.

In physics you multiply the weight by the velocity to find the striking force. This man's weight was his high position. He came of splendid stock. His father was called the "Columbus of modern times, who, by his cable, moored the new world alongside the old." Two of his uncles were the most distinguished men of

their times. Now figure this weight of birth and social position. Multiply this weight by the pace he set for himself—the velocity—and you have the momentum which landed him. He fell from a great height and he fell more rapidly than one who falls from a lower starting point. There were no stoppages half way. The lower he got the faster he went. Finally he let go all hold and went to the bottom.

The debate as to which is the stronger force—heredity or environment—is an old one. In the career of Edward M. Field heredity did all it could for him. He had the chance of one in ten thousand. But environment overcame all these gifts. He was strong, but did not use his strength. He weakened himself by excesses. He broke the moral law. He sinned. And the moral law swept aside birthright, ancestry and social standing and punished him as a sinner.

The lesson? The same laws that pulled this man down will, if used properly, help another man up though he have not a tithe of the heritage Edward Field had. The other end of the road down which Field slid so rapidly leads upward. And it is the irony of destiny that one man with a great equipment drifts downward while another man with a much lesser chance toils to the top. Because his struggle is the greater, he who goes upward overcoming weight by velocity of striving deserves the nobility that comes to him.

Prince or pauper, he who puts his hand in the fire will be burned. And so of the moral law. It knows, cares nothing for caste or ancestry. It punishes the

sinner whether he is high or low. If a man sin he knows the wages. If he strives and overcomes he knows the wages.

It is much easier to go down the toboggan slide than to crawl up it.

—*Editorial, Grand Rapids Herald.*

A THOUGHT MADE BEAUTIFUL.

A little grain of sand,—a common grain
That swelled th' uncounted millions of the shore,
Drifted upon an oyster's marble floor,
And there for years did secretly remain;
Until (Oh! fair reward of toil and pain!)
Men saw a radiance through the open door,—
When it abandoned shelter, prized before,
And, as a beauteous pearl, came forth again.
So, in the mind creative lies a thought,—
A common incident of every day,—
Till it becomes a pearl of fiction rare,—
With subtle iridescent beauty fraught,—
Which, raised from depths of silence where it lay,
Sets all the little gaping world a-stare.

—*Spectator.*

CULTIVATE THE WILL.

Oh well for him whose will is strong !
He suffers, but he will not suffer long ;
He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong ;
For him nor moves the loud world's random mock,
Nor all Calamity's hugest waves confound,
Who seems a promontory rock,
That, compassed round with turbulent sound,
In middle ocean meets the surging shock,
Tempest-buffeted, turret-crowned.

—Tennyson.

SELF-CULTURE.

It is force of thought which measures intellectual, and so it is force of principle which measures moral greatness, that highest of human endowments, that brightest manifestation of the Divinity. The greatest man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution, who resists the sorest temptations from within and without, who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully, who is calmest in storms, and most fearless under menace and frowns, whose reliance on truth, on virtue, on God, is most unfaltering.

I believe this greatness to be most common among the multitude, whose names are never heard. Among common people will be found more of hardship borne

manfully, more of unvarnished truth, more of religious trust, more of that generosity which gives what the giver needs himself, and more of a wise estimate of life and death, than among the more prosperous.

A man who rises above himself looks from an eminence on nature and providence, on society and life. Thought expands, as by a natural elasticity, when the pressure of selfishness is removed. The moral and religious principles of the soul, generously cultivated, fertilize the intellect.

The exaltation of talent, as it is called, above virtue and religion, is the curse of the age. Education is now chiefly a stimulus to learning, and thus men acquire power without the principles which alone make it good. Talent is worshiped; but if divorced from rectitude, it will prove more of a demon than a god.

To educate a child perfectly requires profounder thought, greater wisdom, than to govern a state; and for this plain reason, that the interests and wants of the latter are more superficial, coarser and more obvious than the spiritual capacities, the growth of thought and feeling, and the subtle laws of the mind, which must all be studied and comprehended before the work of education can be thoroughly performed; and yet to all conditions this greatest work on earth is equally committed by God. What plainer proof do we need that a higher culture than has yet been dreamed of is needed by our whole race?

The great sources of wisdom are experience and observation, and these are denied to none. To open and fix our eyes upon what passes without and within

us is the most fruitful study. Books are chiefly useful as they help us to interpret what we see and experience. When they absorb men, as they sometimes do, and turn them from observation of nature and life, they generate a learned folly, for which the plain sense of the laborer could not be exchanged but at great loss. It deserves attention that the greatest men have been formed without studies which at present are thought by many most needful to improvement. Homer, Plato, Demosthenes, never heard the name of chemistry, and knew less of the solar system than a boy in our common schools. Not that these sciences are unimportant; but the lesson is, that human improvement never wants the means, where the purpose of it is deep and earnest in the soul.

Undoubtedly a man is to labor to better his condition, but first to better himself. If he knows no higher use of his mind than to invent and drudge for his body, his case is desperate so far as culture is concerned.

—*Channing.*

SUCCESS WITHOUT MONEY.

One of the most successful men I ever knew, never had a thousand dollars ahead in his life. He had no aptitude for making money, yet he continually tried to. During financial panics and failures, he kept his spirit unchanged and unbroken. He never held an office of any kind in his life. Litigation he avoided wholly, and he never indulged in controversies. He had as few acquaintances, I think, as any man I ever knew. I

regarded him as successful because he was always cheerful, industrious and temperate, always thoughtful of those about him, and, in a matter of conviction, was absolutely fearless. To others he gave the same liberty of thought that he demanded for himself. His motto was: "Principle, not expediency." When he died, he left barely enough to pay for his funeral expenses, and yet I maintain that he was successful. His conscientious life was an example to others. He was generous to a fault, and probably would have died in better circumstances if he had not been.

The dollar mark is not the stamp of success. You may attain far greater success than that, and leave a much larger legacy. —*Senator W. E. Mason.*

ACHIEVEMENT.

'Tis the coward who stops at misfortune;
'Tis the knave who changes each day;
'Tis the fool who wins half the battle,
Then throws all his chances away.

There's little in life but labor,
And to-morrow may prove but a dream,—
Success is the bride of Endeavor,
And luck but a meteor's gleam.
—*John Trotwood Moore.*

ENDURING INFLUENCE.

We see not in this life the end of human actions. Their influence never dies. In ever-widening circles it reaches beyond the grave. Death removes us from this to an eternal world; time determines what shall be our condition in that world. Every morning, when we go forth, we lay the moulding hand upon our destiny; and every evening, when we have done, we leave a deathless impression upon our characters. We touch not a wire but vibrates in eternity,—we breathe not a thought but reports at the Throne of God. Let youth especially think of these things; and let every one remember, that, in this world—where character is in its formation state—it is a serious thing to think, to speak, to act.

WORK.

Let me but do my work from day to day
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market place or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray—
“This is my work, my blessing, not my doom:
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done in the right way.”

Then shall I see it not too great nor small,
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers:
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours,
And cheerful turn when the long shadows fall
At eventide, to play and love and rest,
Because I know for me my work was best.

—*Henry Van Dyke.*

SELF-DEPENDENCE.

Weary of myself and sick of asking
What I am, and what I ought to be,
At the vessel's prow I stand, which bears me
Forwards, forwards, o'er the starlit sea.

And a look of passionate desire
O'er the sea and to the stars I send:
"Ye who, from my childhood up, have calm'd me,
Calm me, ah, compose me to the end!"

"Ah, once more," I cried, "ye stars, ye waters,
On my heart your mighty charm renew:
Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
Feel my soul becoming vast like you!"

From the intense clear star-sown vault of heaven,
Over the lit sea's unquiet way,
In the rustling night-air came the answer:
"Wouldst thou be as these are? *Live as they.*"

“Unaffrighted by the silence round them,
Undistracted by the sights they see,
These demand not that the things without them,
Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.

And with joy the stars perform their shining,
And the sea its long moon-silvered roll;
For self-pois'd they live, nor pine with noting
All the fever of some differing soul.

Bounded by themselves, and unregardful
In what state God's other works may be,
In their own tasks all their powers pouring,
These attain the mighty life you see.”

O air-born voice! long since, severely clear,
A cry like thine in mine own heart I hear:
“Resolve to be thyself; and know that he,
Who finds himself, loses his misery.”

—*Mathew Arnold.*

SUCCESS.

The men who have achieved success are the men who have worked, read, thought more than was absolutely necessary; who have not been content with knowledge sufficient for the present need, but who have sought additional knowledge and stored it away for the emergency reserve. It is the superfluous labor that equips a man for everything that counts most in life.

—*Cushman K. Davis.*

WE MUST MOVE.

I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are moving. To reach the port of heaven, we must sail sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it,—but we must sail, and not drift, nor lie at anchor.

—*Holmes.*

MAKE THE WORLD BETTER.

If men cared less for wealth and fame,
And less for battlefield and glory.

If writ in human hearts a name,
Seems better than in song and story,
If men instead of nursing pride
Would learn to hate it and abhor it,
If more relied on love to guide,
The world would be better for it.

If men dealt less in stocks and lands
And more in bonds and deeds fraternal,

If love's work had more willing hands
To link this world to the supernal,
If men stored up love's oil and wine,
And bruised human souls would pour,
If "yours" and "mine" would once combine,
The world would be better for it.

If more would act the play of life
And fewer spoil it in rehearsal,
If Bigotry would sheathe its knife
Till good became more universal,
If custom, gray with ages grown
Had fewer blind men to adore it,
If talent shone for Truth alone,
The world would be better for it.

If men were wise in little things,
Affecting less in all their dealings.
If hearts had fewer rusted strings
To isolate their kindly feelings,
If men, when money beats down the right
Would strike together and restore it,
If Right made might in every fight,
The world would be better for it.

SOME WORK TO DO.

It is not wealth or fame I ask,
But just some plain and simple task
By which to ease my brother's load
That halts his footsteps on Life's road.

Long as the day this work should be,
Then, when night comes to shelter me
'Neath her dark wings where nestles sleep,
As, under gloaming clouds, the deep,

I'll calmly rest with dream-sealed eyes
Amid my homely harmonies.

Some work to do;—some work, forsooth,
To drown the idleness of youth.
It matters not, the wage, the moil,
If but the Master's love assoil,—
On some high crag that guards the main,
Guiding a lone bark home again;
Sowing the seeds of plenty where
The whistling plowboy points his share;
Cleaving the mountain's rock-ribbed side,
Trimming a sail adown the tide.
Oh, this were fortune! just to be
A workingman, contented, free
As some great eagle that defies
The sun to dim his splendid eyes,—
To feel in blood and breast and breath
The force that flings its glove at Death;—
To find in toil the careless glee
That wild birds lilt from tree to tree.

—*Robert Mackay.*

THE CUMULATIVE EFFECT.

Just a little every day,
That's the way!
Seeds in darkness, swell and grow,
Tiny blades push through the snow,

Never any flower of May
 Leaps to blossom in a burst;
 Slowly—slowly, at the first,
 That's the way!
 Just a little every day.

Just a little every day,
 That's the way!
 Children learn to read and write
 Bit by bit and mite by mite;
 Never any one I say,
 Leaps to knowledge and its power,
 Slowly—slowly—hour by hour,
 That's the way!
 Just a little every day.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

LITTLE THINGS.

It is not growing like a tree
 In bulk, doth make man better be,
 Or standing like an oak, three hundred year,
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear.

A lily of a day
 Is fairer far, in May,
 Although it fall and die that night,
 It was the plant and flower of light!
 In small proportions we just beauties see;
 And in short measures life may perfect be.

—*Ben Jonson.*

SERVING.

The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deeds, both great and small,
Are close-knit strands of unbroken thread,
Where love ennobles all.
The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells;
The book of life the shining record tells.
Thy love shall chant its own beatitudes
After its own life working. A child's kiss
Set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad,
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong.
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou renderest.

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

OVERCOMING.

It is easy enough to be pleasant
When life flows by like a song,
But the man worth while is the one who will smile
When everything goes wrong.
For the test of the heart is trouble,
And it always comes with the years,
And the smile that is worth the praises of earth
Is the smile that shines through tears.

It is easy enough to be prudent
When nothing tempts you to stray,
When without or within no voice of sin
Is luring your soul away.
But it's only a negative virtue
Until it is tried by fire,
And the life that is worth the honor of earth
Is the one that resists desire.

By the cynic, the sad, the fallen,
Who had no strength for the strife,
The world's highway is cumbered today—
They make up the item of life.
But the virtue that conquers passion,
And the sorrow that hides in a smile—
It is these that are worth the homage of earth,
For we find them but once in a while.

DON'T IDLY DREAM, BUT DO!

Don't idly dream! There is no time for dreaming,
No time to drone and loiter on the way,
With opportunity each day is teeming,
That, till you deign to waken, will not stay.
Be then alert, for all around you calling
Are voices, to press onward, heard by few;
Heed them, and venture, with no fear of falling—
Don't idly dream, but do!

Don't idly dream! Great deeds await your doing,
Deeds that will live, and you in them may live.
Noble your thoughts, each day your strength renewing,
Be you but true, that strength your faith shall give,
Life striving round you bids you, then, awaken;
Look where the future grandly stands in view,
In God press onward! Be your trust ne'er shaken!
Don't idly dream, but do!

—*Boston Globe.*

TRUE NOBILITY.

True worth is being, not seeming;
In doing, each day that goes by,
Some little good—not in dreaming
Of great things to do by-and-by.
For whatever men say in their blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kindly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as we measure,
We cannot do wrong and feel right;
Nor can we give pain and feel pleasure,
For justice avenges each slight.
The air for the wing of the sparrow,
The bush for the robin and wren,
But always the path that is narrow
And straight for the children of men.

We cannot make bargains for blisses,
Nor catch them like fishes in nets;
And sometimes the things our life misses
Help more than the things which it gets.
For good lieth not in pursuing,
Nor gaining of great or of small,
But just in the doing, and doing,
As we would be done by, is all.

Through envy, through malice, through hating,
Against the world, early and late,
No jot of our courage abating,
Our part is to work and to wait.
And slight is the sting of his trouble
Whose winnings are less than his worth,
For he who is honest is noble,
Whatever his fortunes or birth.

—*Alice Cary.*

WANTED.

God give us men. A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands;
Men whom the love of office cannot kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor, men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue and damn
his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog,

In public duty and in private thinking—
For while the rabble with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large professions and their little deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting justice sleeps.

—J. G. Holland.

IF I CAN LIVE.

If I can live
To make some pale face brighter, and to give
A second luster to some tear-dimmed eye,
Or e'en impart
One throb of comfort to an aching heart,
Or cheer some wayborn soul in passing by,

If I can lend
A strong hand to the fallen, or defend
The right against a single envious strain,
My life, though bare
Perhaps of much that seemeth dear and fair
To us on earth, will not have been in vain.

The purest joy,
Most near to heaven, far from earth's alloy,
Is bidding clouds give way to sun and shine,
And 'twill be well
If on that day of days the angels tell
Of me: "She did her best for one of Thine."

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

LIVE IN THE SUNSHINE.

Live in the sunshine, don't live in the gloom,
Carry some gladness the world to illume.

Live in the brightness, and take this to heart,
The world will be gayer, if you'll do your part.

Live on the housetop, not down in the cell;
Open-air Christians live nobly and well.

Live where the joys are, and, scorning defeat,
Have a good-morrow for all whom you meet.

Live as the victor, and triumphing go
Through this queer world, beating down every foe.

Live in the sunshine, God meant it for you!
Live as the robins, and sing the day through.

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

LET SOMETHING GOOD BE SAID.

When over the fair fame of friend or foe
The shadow of disgrace shall fall; instead
Of words of blame, or proof of thus and so,
Let something good be said.

Forget not that no fellow-being yet
May fall so low but love may lift his head;
Even the cheek of shame with tears is wet
If something good be said.

No generous heart may vainly turn aside
In ways of sympathy; no soul so dead
But may awaken strong and glorified
If something good be said.

And so I charge ye by the thorny crown,
And by the cross on which the Savior bled,
And by your own soul's hope of fair renown,
Let something good be said.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

DO IT WELL.

If you have a song worth singing,
Put your whole soul in the song;
Put your pulse beat to its music
It will help the song along.
For the hearer feels the keynote,
And the import it would tell,
And the song that's worth the singing,
Is a song worth singing well.

If you have a task worth doing,
Though the humblest kind of work,
Put your whole thought in your labor,
Nor its slightest detail shirk,

If a thing is worth the doing
It is worth the doing well,
And success will surely find you
And abroad your merit tell.

If you have an hour for idling,
Give the time to rest and play;
Aye, forget that work awaits you
'Tis by far the better way.
For, whate'er is worth the doing
It is worth the doing well,
Whether it is song or labor
Or an hour's resting spell.

—*M. Winchester Adams.*

SYMPHONY.

To live content with small means—to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion—to be worthy, not respectable, and wealthy, not rich—to study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly—to listen to stars and birds, to babes and sages, with open heart—to bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasions, hurry never. In a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, grow up through the common. This is to be my symphony.

—*William Henry Channing.*

LABOR IS WORSHIP.

Pause not to dream of the future before us ;
Pause not to weep o'er the cares that come to us ;
Hark, how creation's deep musical chorus
 Unintermitting goes up into heaven.
Never the ocean wave falters in flowing ;
Never the little seed stops in its growing ;
More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing,
 Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.
“Labor is worship !” the robin is singing ;
“Labor is worship !” the wild bee is ringing ;
Listen ! that eloquent whisper upspringing
 Speaks to thy soul from out Nature’s great heart.

From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower ;
From the rough sod blows the soft-breathing flower ;
From the small insect, the rich coral bower ;
 Only man, in the plan, ever shrinks from his part.
Labor is life ! ’Tis the still water faileth ;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth ;
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth ;
 Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labor is glory !—the flying cloud lightens ;
Only the waving wing changes and brightens ;
Idle hearts only, the dark future frightens ;
 Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them in
 tune.

Labor is rest from the sorrows that greet us,
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,
 Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill.
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
Work—thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow;
Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping willow;
Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

—*Frances Sargent Osgood.*

THE WHEEL OF THE WORLD.

The wheel of the world turns round and round;
 Those who are uppermost soon may be
Down in the dust, or under the ground;
 The king in chains, the serf set free.
 Over the track in sunshine and rain
 It rolls on, over and over again.

The wheel of the world moves day and night,
 And its swift revolutions bring
Nations from darkness into light,
 Where bells of the good time coming ring.
 Over the spot where the palace shone,
 It rolls in the dust the crown and throne.

Round and round it turns and goes,
 And we go with it, now up, now down,
Few win the prize that many must lose,
 Tired at the goal, how late comes the crown!

The brave, the true, the noble, the just,
Will never be lost in the whirling dust.

DUTY MAKES POSSIBLE.

In an age of fops and toys,
Wanting wisdom, void of right,
Who shall nerve heroic boys
To hazard all in freedom's fight,—
So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, Thou must,
The youth replies, I can.

—*Emerson.*

RECESSIONAL.

God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine,—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget,—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies,
The captains and the kings depart:
Still stands thy ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.

Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget,—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire.
Lo! all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget,—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds without the law,
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget,—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boasts and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord! Amen.

—Rudyard Kipling.

THE PRESENT CRISIS.

* * * * *

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,

In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side;

Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,

Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right,

And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that light.

* * * * *

Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her wretched crust,

Ere her cause bring fame or profit, and 'tis prosperous to be just;

Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside,

Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified,
And the multitude make virtue of the faith they have denied.

* * * * *

New occasions teach new duties;

Time makes ancient good uncouth,

They must upward still and onward,

Who would keep abreast of truth.

Lo, before us gleam her campfires;
We ourselves must Pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower and steer boldly
Through the desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portals,
With the Past's blood-rusted key.

—*Lowell.*

STOP YOUR FRETTIN'.

When things don't come along your way,
Can't hurry 'em by frettin';
If clouds o' care obscure your day,
Can't chase 'em off by frettin'.
Your tears just irrigate your woe
An' freshen up an' help it grow—
Don't wash it out o' sight, an' so
There ain't no use in frettin'.

The heavy load you have to bear
Ain't lightened up by frettin';
The sorrow vultures in the air
Ain't skeered away by frettin'.
If debt is crowdin', rent is due,
No cash in hand, an' you are blue,
Brace up an' be a man, fur you
Can't square yourself by frettin'.

No matter what your cares an' woes,
 Don't humor 'em by frettin';
 If hard luck aims her heavy blows,
 Strike back,—don't go to frettin'.
 Screw up your nerve an' hold your grip,
 An' keep a frozen upper lip,
 Fur anything on earth can whip
 The man who gits to frettin'.

—James Barton Adams.

NODDIN' BY THE FIRE.

Some folks t'inks hit's right an' p'opah,
 Soon ez bedtime comes erroun',
 Fu' to scramble to de kiver,
 Lak dey 'd hyeahed de trumpet soun'.
 But dese people dey all misses
 Whut I mos'ly does desiah;
 Dat's de settin' roun' an' dozin',
 An' a-noddin' by de fiah.

W'en you's tiahed out a-hoein',
 Er a-followin' de plow,
 Whut's de use of des a-fallin'
 On yo' pallet lak a cow?
 W'y de fun is all in waitin'
 In de face of all de tiah,
 An' a-dozin' and a-drowsin'
 By a good ol' hick'ry fiah.

Oh, you grunts an' groans an' mumbles
 'Ca'se yo' bones is full o' col',
 Dough you feels de joy a-tricklin'
 Roun' de co-nahs of yo' soul.
 An' you low anothah minute
 'S sho to git you wa'm an' dryah,
 W'en you set up pas' yo' bedtime,
 'Ca'se you hates to leave de fiah.

Whut's de use o' downright sleepin'?
 You can't feel it while it las',
 An' you git up feelin' sorry
 W'en de time fu' it is pas'.
 Seem to me dat time too precious,
 An' de houahs too short entiah,
 Fu' to sleep, w'en you could spen' 'em
 Des a-noddin' by de fiah.

—Paul Laurence Dunbar.

ONE OF THE HOME GUARD.

Never much on movin'; one flower's as sweet to me
 As any other flower in a garden's green could be;
 May be gold in Klondike, but it's far away to roam,
 Ruther risk the riches in the valleys here at home.

Money's mighty temptin'—summer, spring, or fall;
 'Tain't all we have to live for, but it's mighty close
 to all!

For all the world is brighter when the honey's in the comb;
But somehow my heart beats lighter in the valleys here at home.

I try to be contented; I don't make no complaint;
An' I hold a feller's happy if he never knows he ain't!
He might git rich in Klondike, an' build a shinin'
dome,
But at last he'd come a-creepin' to the valleys here at home!

There's gold that earth don't give us, an' when a
feller's eyes
Can find a twinklin' star or two in old, familiar skies,
An' one true heart to love him—he never wants to
roam:
There may be gold in Klondike, but he's struck it rich
at home?

—*Frank L. Stanton.*

“KEEP SWEET AND KEEP MOVIN’.”

Hard to be sweet when the throng is dense,
When the elbows jostle and shoulders crowd;
Easy to give and take offense
When the touch is rough and the voice is loud;

“Keep to the right” in the city’s throng;
 “Divide the road” on the broad highway;
 There’s one way right when everything’s wrong;
 Easy and fair goes far in a day,
 Just
 “Keep sweet and keep movin’.”

The quick taunt answers the hasty word—
 The lifetime’s chance for a “help” is missed;
 The muddiest pool is a fountain stirred,
 A kind hand clinched makes an ugly fist.
 When the nerves are tense and the mind is vexed,
 The spark lies close to the magazine;
 Whisper a hope to the soul perplexed—
 Banish the fear with a smile serene—
 Just
 “Keep sweet and keep movin’.”

—*Robert J. Burdette.*

BY EN BY.

Ef you des keep on a-hopin'
 Dat de times’ll mend
 You boun’ ter ketch de rainbow
 At de roun’ worl’s end.
 Den-steady,
 En ready,

W'en de storm breaks in de sky;
 Steady,
 En ready,
En you'll reach home by en by!

Ef you des keep on a-gwine
 En a-kiverin' er de groun'
You boun' ter ketch de rainbow
 W'en de worl' tu'n roun'.

 Den steady,
 En ready,
W'en de light falls from de sky;
 Steady,
 En ready,

En you'll reach home by en by!

→*Atlanta Constitution.*

A BUILDER'S LESSON.

How shall I a habit break?
As you did that habit make.
As you gathered, you must lose;
As you yielded, now refuse.
Thread by thread the strands we twist
Till they bind us, neck and wrist;
Thread by thread the patient hand
Must untwine, ere free we stand;
As we builded, stone by stone
We must toil, unhelped, alone.
Till the wall is overthrown.

But remember, as we try,
 Lighter every test goes by;
 Wading in, the stream grows deep
 Toward the center's downward sweep;
 Backward turn, each step ashore
 Shallower is than that before.

Ah! the precious years we waste
 Leveling what we raised in haste;
 Doing what must be undone
 Ere content or love be won!
 First, across the gulf we cast
 Kite-borne threads, till lines are passed,
 And habit builds the bridge at last.

—*Wide Awake.*

ADVICE.

W'en you full o' worry
 'Bout yo' wo'k an' sich,
 W'en you' kind o' bothered
 'Case you cain't get rich,
 An' yo' neighboh p'ospah
 Past his jest desu'ts,
 An' de sneer of comer'ds
 Strikes yo' heaht an' hu'ts,
 Des' don' pet yo' worries,
 Lay 'em on de she'f,
 Tek a little trouble,
 Brothah, wid yo'se'f.

Ef a frien' comes mou'nin'
'Bout his awful case,
You know you don' jine him
 Wid a gloomy face,
But you wrassle wid him,
 Try to take him in;
Dough hit cracks yo' feachuhs,
 Law ! you smile lak sin.
Ain' you good ez he is?
 Don' you pine to def;
Tek a little trouble
 Brothah wid yo'se'f.

Ef de chillun pestahs
 An' de baby's bad,
Ef yo' wife gets narvous,
 An' you's gittin' mad,
Des you grab yo' bootstraps,
 Hol' yo' body down,
Stop a-t'inkin' cusswo'ds,
 Chase away de frown.
Knock de haid o' worry
 Twell dey ain't none lef'—
Tek a little trouble
 Brothah wid yo'se'f.

—*Paul Laurence Dunbar.*

TO THE LOSER.

So you've lost your race, lad?
Ran it clean and fast?
Beaten at the tape, lad?
Rough? Yes, but 'tis past.
Never mind the losing—
Think of how you ran,
Smile and shut your teeth, lad—
Take it like a man!

Not the winning counts, lad,
But the winning fair;
Not the losing shames, lad,
But the weak despair.
So, when failure stuns you,
Don't forget your plan—
Smile and shut your teeth, lad—
Take it like a man!

Diamonds turned to paste, lad?
Night instead of morn?
Where you'd pluck a rose, lad,
Oft you grasp a thorn?
Time will heal the bleeding—
Life is but a span;
Smile, and shut your teeth, lad—
Take it like a man!

Then, when sunset comes, lad,
When your fighting's through,
And the Silent Guest, lad,
Fills his cup for you,
Shrink not—clasp it coolly—
End as you began ;
Smile and close your eyes, lad—
And take it like a man !

—C. F. Lester.

MY HEART LEAPS UP.

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky :
So was it when my life began ;
So is it now I am a man ;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die !
The child is father of the man ;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

—Wordsworth.

RESOLVE.

To keep my health :
To do my work :
To live :
To see to it I grow and gain and give :

Never to look behind me for an hour;
To wait in weakness, and to walk in power;
But always fronting onward to the light,
Always and always facing toward the right.
Robbed, starved, defeated, fallen, wide astray—
On, with what strength I have:
Back to the way:

—Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

THE RAINY DAY.

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
. And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the cloud is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

—Longfellow.

JUST BE GLAD.

Oh, heart of mine, we shouldn't
Worry so!
What we've missed of calm we couldn't
Have, you know!
What we've met of stormy pain,
And of sorrow's driving rain,
We can better meet again,
If it blow.

For, we know, not every morrow,
Can be sad;
So, forgetting all the sorrow
We have had,
Let us fold away our fears,
And put by our foolish tears,
And, through all the coming years,
Just be glad.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

THE LULLABY LAND.

The lullaby land is a wonderful land
Not found on the maps of men;
For the dimpled hand of the lullaby land
Knows nothing of pencil or pen,

And the only way you can reach this land
Is to take up the thread of years,
And follow it back life's winding track
To a mother's smiles and tears.

And there you will find the lullaby land
With its Rock-a-by River of Mirth,
Flowing on to the deep of Sleep, Baby, Sleep,
The sunniest ocean of earth.
And up 'round the lake they call wide-a-wake
Is many a goblin and fay,
And fairies, and elves, that swallow themselves
To frighten the people away.

O, a wonderful land is the lullaby land
Where little wee folk are found
Who only coo, when they talk to you,
And laugh with a lisping sound.
Their hair is sunny, their eyes are blue
As the deep of a summer sky;
And their breath is as soft as the winds that waft
When spirits go floating by.

These little wee folk have the funniest ship
That, like a pendulum, swings
In perfect time to the wordless rhyme
Of a song that their mother sings.
And these little wee folk get into that ship,
And go sailing, and sailing away,
Exploring the streams of the land of Dreams
All night, till the break of day.

And when they get tired and long for a ride,
 No saddle nor bridle have they;
But they mount with glee on their father's knee,
 And go racing and chasing away.
Prancing and dancing, with sway and swing,
 Of fears they have never a one;
For when their steed increases his speed,
 It only increases their fun.

O, isn't it cosy, and rosy, and rare,
 To live in the lullaby land,
Where skies are as blue as the sun shines through,
 And life is so lovely and grand.
If I could but take my own choice tonight
 Of all of the countries of men,
I would take up my stand in the lullaby land,
 And never would leave it again.

—*Alfred Ellison.*

BETTER LAUGH.

When you feel like bein' blue,
 Better laugh.
Sighs won't bring sunshine to you,
 Better laugh.
You can't conquer fate with frowns
In a fight uv fifty rounds.
So in all your ups and downs
Better thing to do by half
 Is jest to laugh.

When you feel like cussin', don't!

Better smile.

When 'skeeters bite, and fishes won't,

Better smile.

When your hook an' line git stuck

On the limb uv some bad luck;

Better way to show your pluck,

'Stead uv grumlin' all the while,

Is jest to smile.

Strike a stretch uv muddy road,

Better grin.

Growlin' won't reduce your load,

Better grin.

Ef your team, 'at ort to pull,

Balks, don't get onmerciful,

An' slash an' splash around, fer you'll

Find the better way to win

Is jest to grin.

—*Alfred Ellison.*

SOME OTHER DAY.

There are wonderful things we are going to do.

Some other day.

And harbors we hope to drift into,

Some other day.

With folded hands and oars that trail

We wait and watch for a favoring gale

To fill the folds of an idle sail,

Some other day.

We know we must toil if ever we win,
Some other day.

But we say to ourselves, there's time to begin
Some other day.

And so, deferring, we loiter on,
Until at last we find withdrawn
The strength of the hope we leaned upon,
Some other day.

And when, at last, our race is run,
Some other day.

We fret for the things that have been done,
Some other day.

With faltering feet, and eyes grown dim,
We wait at the world's faint outer rim
For the dolorous chant of a funeral hymn,
Some other day.

—*Alfred Ellison.*

'TAINT NO USE TO SIT AN' WHINE.

If you strike a thorn or rose,
Keep a-goin'!

If it hails or if it snows,
Keep a-goin'!

'Taint no use to sit an' whine
When the fish ain't on your line;
Bait your hook an' keep on tryin'—
Keep a-goin'!

When the weather kills your crop,
Keep a-goin'!

When you tumble from the top,
Keep a-goin'!

S'pose you're out of every dime?
Gettin' broke ain't any crime;

Tell the world you're feelin' prime,
Keep a-goin'!

When it looks like all is up,
Keep a-goin'!

Drain the sweetness from the cup,
Keep a-goin'!

See the wild birds on the wing!

Hear the bells that sweetly ring.

When you feel like sighing—sing!
Keep a-goin'!

—*John T. Boone.*

WHY DON'T YOU LAUGH?

Why don't you laugh, young man,
When troubles come,

Instead of sitting 'round so sour and glum?

You cannot have all play
And sunshine every day;

When troubles come, I say,
Why don't you laugh?

Why don't you laugh? 'Twill ever help
To soothe
The aches and pains. No road of life
Is smooth;
There's many an unseen hump
And many a hidden stump
O'er which you'll have to jump.
Why don't you laugh?

Why don't you laugh? Don't let your
Spirits wilt;
Don't sit and cry because the
Milk you've spilt;
If you would mend it now,
Pray let me tell you how,
Just milk another cow!
Why don't you laugh?

Why don't you laugh? And make us
All laugh, too,
And keep us mortals all from getting blue?
A laugh will always win;
If you can't laugh, just grin;
Come on—let's all join in!
Why don't you laugh?

—*From the Independent.*

HAVE YOU EVER NOTICED THAT?

Have you ever noticed when you're buying berries by
the peck,
That those on top are large and ripe without a single
speck,
While those beneath are small and green—not worth
the looking at,
And almost worthless—have you ever noticed that?

Have you ever noticed in the winter, when the days
are cold,
The iceman leaves a larger chunk than what your box
will hold;
But when the days are scorching hot and nearly fry
your fat,
He leaves the merest trifle—have you ever noticed
that?

Have you ever noticed that the man who's always
telling you
About the wondrous things he's done and what he's
going to do,
Is loafing at the present time—his purse is busted
flat,
And "Won't you loan a fiver?"—have you ever noticed
that?

Have you ever noticed fishermen all have such awful luck?

The mammoth fish they nearly got fell back into the brook,

And while of great fresh water whales they ever wildly chat,

They bring home tiny minnows—have you ever noticed that?

Have you ever noticed office seekers, ere election day,
Grasp everybody's hand and something kind and fetching say,

And who, when safe in office, with a salary big and fat,

Forget the humble voter—have you ever noticed that?

—*From Christian Intelligencer.*

THE SCHOOLHOUSE STANDS BY THE FLAG.

Ye who love the Republic, remember the claim

Ye owe to her fortunes, ye owe to her name.

To her years of prosperity past and in store,

A hundred behind you, a thousand before.

'Tis the schoolhouse that stands by the flag,

Let the nation stand by the school;

'Tis the school-bell that rings for our Liberty old,

'Tis the school-boy whose ballot shall rule,

The blue arch above us is Liberty's dome,
The green fields beneath us, Equality's home.
But the schoolroom today is Humanity's friend,
Let the people the flag and the schoolhouse defend.
'Tis the schoolhouse that stands by the flag,
 Let the nation stand by the school;
'Tis the school-bell that rings for our Liberty old,
'Tis the school-boy whose ballot shall rule.

—Hezekiah Butterworth.

He, who, on the advent of a new hope, shuddering at the past, makes pledge to his own soul of a new and better life, with purpose strong enough to command its fulfillment, brings a smile to the face of the recording angel and places himself under the sheltering wing of the Almighty.

THE FLAG GOES BY.

Hats off!

Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky!

Hats off!

The flag is passing by.

Blue and crimson and white it shines,
Over the steel-tipped ordered lines.
Hats off!

The colors before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea fights and land fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the state;
Dreary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and days of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right and law,
Stately honor and reverent awe.

Sign of a nation, great and strong,
To ward her people from foreign wrong;
Pride and glory and honor, all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
And loyal hearts are beating high;
Hats off!
The flag is passing by.

YOUR COUNTRY.

Perhaps you have never thought what your country means—it is all that surrounds you, all that has brought you up and fed you, all that you have loved! This country that you see, these houses, these trees,

those girls who go along there laughing,—this is your country. The laws which protect you, the bread which pays for your work, the words you interchange with others, the joy and grief which come to you from the men and things among which you live,—this is your country! The little room where you used to see your mother, the remembrances she has left you, the earth where she rests,—this is your country! You see it, you breathe it everywhere!

Think to yourself of your rights and your duties, your affections and your wants, your past and your present blessings; write them under a single name,—and that name will be your country!

—*Souvestre (An Attic Philosopher).*

OUR DEBT TO THE PAST.

I deem it a great thing for a nation, in all the periods of its fortunes, to be able to look back to a race of founders, and a principle of institution in which it might rationally admire the realized idea of true heroism. That felicity, that pride, that help, is ours. Those heroic men and women should not look down on a dwindled prosperity. That broad foundation, sunk below frost or earthquake, should bear up something more permanent than an encampment of tents, pitched at random, and struck when the trumpet of march sounds at next day-break. It should bear up, as by a natural growth, a structure in which generations may come, one after another, to the great gift of the social life.

—*Rufus Chôate.*

WHAT WE MAY DO.

To elevate the morals of our people; to hold up the law as that sacred thing, which, like the ark of God of old, cannot be touched by irreverent hands, and frowns upon every attempt to displace its supremacy; to unite our people in all that makes home pure and honorable, as well as to give our energies in the direction of our material advancement, these services we may render, and out of this great demonstration do we not all feel like reconsecrating ourselves to the love and service of our country?

—*Benjamin Harrison.*

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
“This is my own my native land!”
Whose heart hath ne’er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?

If such there breathe, go, mark him well!
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim—
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch concentered all in self,

Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from which he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

THE FLAG.

In other scenes than these have I observed thee, flag,
Not quite so trim and whole and freshly blooming in
folds of stainless silk,
But I have seen thee, bunting to tatters torn upon thy
splinter'd staff,
Or clutch'd to some young color-bearer's breast with
desperate hands,—
For thy mere remnant grimed with dirt and smoke and
sopp'd in blood,
For sake of that, my beauty, and that thou might'st
dally as now secure up there,
Many a good man have I seen go under.

—*Walt Whitman.*

REVERENCE FOR LAW.

Let reverence of the law be breathed by every
mother to the lisping babe that prattles on her lap;
let it be taught in schools, seminaries and colleges; let
it be written in primers, spelling-books and almanacs;

let it be preached from pulpits and proclaimed in legislative halls and enforced in courts of justice; in short, let it become the political religion of the nation.

—*Abraham Lincoln.*

THE TEACHER'S INFLUENCE.

It is an old saying that as the teacher so the school. The best meaning for this is, that the pupil's mind, in the act of learning, becomes like the teacher's mind; it takes on the tone and coloring of the teacher's thought. The teacher builds his own thought structure into the mind of the pupil; begets him with his own purity, strength, and sweep of emotional life; breathes into him the breath of his own ethical nature. The teacher may resolve to train to accurate, thorough and methodical habits of thought; but unless these are habits of his own mind his efforts will be unavailing. The stream cannot rise higher than its source. If the teacher thinks loosely and slovenly he cannot hope to realize anything better in the pupil so far as the teaching goes. The narrow pedant and dogmatist can never secure scholarly habits and liberal culture. The teacher who has not a rich and full range of emotional life can expect nothing but a withered soul born of his teaching. The man who has not strength and purity of character cannot strengthen and purify character. The teacher builds his life into that of his pupil; and it is absolutely essential that his life be all

that he expects the pupil to become. The quality of a teacher's life is a part of his professional equipment.

—*Arnold Tompkins.*

BOOKS.

God be thanked for books. They are the voices of the distant and the dead and make us heirs to the spiritual life of past ages. No matter how poor I am, no matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling—if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise, and Shakespeare open to me the worlds of imagination and the workings of the human heart, and Franklin enrich me with his practical wisdom—I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man tho' excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live.

—*Channing.*

Good books, inspiring poems, sweet music, clean stories, all are elevating and within the reach of everybody. All these are helps—colors lent from heaven to be used in beautifying child life and character. Mingle these, as lines of beauty, tints and colors are employed in some master work of art, and tastes will be formed and character established upon a lasting foundation.

—*Anthony Comstock.*

WHAT IS A BOOK?

What is a book? Not size nor form,
Or sheets held fast by Fancy's touch
Of tint and shape. But rather
Thought made clear and pure
In mind's hot crucible for coinage
In the lives of those who read.

—H. C. L.

INTEREST.

Interest in education is not ease, it is effortless activity; it is not a class-room vaudeville, with the teacher as chief performer, it is engrossing occupation, it is not an amusing entertainment of the pupils, it is a joyous entertainment by the pupils; it is not play, it is attractive and compelling work; it is not pursuing the line of least resistance, it is discovering the line of greatest attraction. And the true opposite of interest is not hard work, but drudgery, not solid acquisition, but wearying monotony. Interest is the oil which lubricates the wheels of the class-room machinery.

* * * * *

However, when interest has done its best, effort has still to do its part. The extremity of interest is the opportunity of effort. They stand to each other as

love to law. Love is the fulfilling of the law, and where love is there is liberty; but if love fails through human imperfection, the law is still behind us, urging us on to do our duty. So when interest is present, it is enough; but when it fails, as sometimes it will in the best school room or in the best life, the capacity of effort is still there to carry the burden. The breezes of interest filling our sails may die away into nothingness, and then only the strong oar of effort can bring in the boat.

—*From Horne's Philosophy of Education.*

OPPORTUNITY.

This I beheld or dreamed it in a dream:—
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain:
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.
A craven hung along the battle's edge,
And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel—
That blue blade that the king's son bears,—but this
Blunt thing!"—he snapped and flung it from his hand,
And lowering crept away and left the field.
Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with battle shout

Lifted afresh, he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

—*Edward R. Sill.*

EDUCATION.

Education is not a gift to be bestowed ; it is a trophy to be won. It is not the transmission of mental power from teacher to pupil ; it is making latent power in the pupil kinetic. It is not a divine gift of tongues from the teacher, but a human hard-earned victory for the pupil. Education is not a jack-knife to be presented, it is an intellectual pilgrimage to be taken. The teacher is not the pupil's "pony," but his experienced traveling companion.

Education is not receptivity, but activity; not impression, but expression; not learning, but thinking; not knowledge, but power. In the matter of becoming educated, as elsewhere, it is more blessed to give than to receive. Pupils usually lose what the teacher gives them ; they usually keep what they give the teacher. The mind is developed not by receiving knowledge, but by winning it; not by having the beauties of the world catalogued for it, but by discovering them under guidance; not by having the moral quality of every deed labeled upon it, but by self-direction. Only at the risk of falling into the erroneous, the ugly, and the bad, is the mind established in that which is true, beautiful, and good.

Education is not primarily fitting a child to do something; it is getting him to be something. It is not primarily utilitarian; it is cultural. The notion of being is more comprehensive than the notion of doing; one must be something in order to do something; out of the fount of being flows the stream of achievement.

—*Horne's Philosophy of Education.*

HOW CHARACTER IS FORMED.

How does the soul form its ideal? As the bird builds its nest, instinctively, impelled by a law of its life from materials at hand. The process is simple, and yet complex. Living in a world of men and women, character is ever appealing to him, soliciting his attention and his interest, and evoking his feeling. He sees, he admires, he chooses, he begins to try to be. The elemental psychology of all character making is summed up in four simple sentences: "I see, I like, I wish I were, I will be." —*George H. Martin.*

BUILDING.

By trifles in our common ways,
Our characters are slowly piled;
We lose not all our yesterdays;
The man hath something of the child;
Part of the past to all the present cleaves,
As the rose-odors linger in the fading leaves.

In ceaseless toil, from year to year,
Working with loath or willing hands,
Stone upon stone we shape and rear,
Till the completed fabric stands;
And, when the last hush hath all labor stilled,
The searching fire will try what we have striven to
build.

THE FOOTPATH TO PEACE.

To be glad of life, because it gives you the chance to love, and to work, and to play, and to look up at the stars; to be satisfied with your possessions, but not contented with yourself until you have made the best of them; to despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness, and to fear nothing except cowardice; to be governed by your admirations, rather than by your disgusts; to covet nothing that is your neighbor's, except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners; to think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends, and every day of Christ, and to spend as much time as you can, with body and with spirit, in God's out-of-doors—these are little guide-posts on the foot-path to peace. —*Henry Van Dyke.*

HOW TO LIVE.

These lessons Thou dost give
To teach me how to live,

To do, to bear,
To get and share,
To work and pray
And trust alway.

What though I may not ask
To choose my daily task,
Thou hast decreed
To meet my need.
What pleases Thee
That shall please me.
Some day the bell will sound,
Some day my heart will bound,
As with a shout
That school is out
And lessons done,
I homeward run.

—*Maltbie D. Babcock.*

CROSSING THE BAR.

Sunset and evening star
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.
But such a tide as, moving, seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep,
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.
For tho' from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

—Tennyson.

A THING OF BEAUTY.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.
Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways
Made for our searching: yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep; and such are daffodils
With the green world they live in; and clear rills

That for themselves a cooling covert make
'Gainst the hot season; the mid-forest brake,
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms.
And such too is the grandeur of the dooms
We have imagined for the mighty dead;
All lovely tales that we have heard or read;
An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

Nor do we merely feel these essences
For one short hour; no, even as the trees
That whisper round a temple become soon
Dear as the temple's self, so does the moon,
The passion poesy, glories infinite,
Haunt us till they become a cheering light
Unto our souls, and bound to us so fast,
That, whether there be shine, or gloom o'ercast,
They always must be with us, or we die.

—Keats.

STAND FIRM.

Is yours the post of duty,—danger, too?
It is the only work a man should do.
Attention! Eyes in front! Now see it through!
Stand firm!

The hardest task,—that falterers may shun,—
Ah, that is where the laurel's to be won!
How sweet the victor-song at setting sun!
Stand firm!

The prophet-soul,—the martyr,—singing free
In clearer ether,—though we can not see,—
Yet hover near us, bidding you and me
Stand firm!

I think the restless spirits of the brave
Are calling,—far above the sodden grave,—
“Protect the heritage we died to save,—
Stand firm !”

In distant futures,—when our children try
The deathless battle 'twixt the pit and sky,—
May we inspire them with this ringing cry:
“Stand firm !”

—*Ernest Neal Lyon.*

TOUCH YOUR LIPS WITH GLADNESS.

Are you growing weary of the long and rugged road,
Weary of the burden, oh, my brothers?
Men have found the surest way for lightening the load
Is just to try to lighten it for others.
Hearts still hold the most of love that most their love
bestow
On lonely lives of those who are forlorning;
Roll the stone from out the path where tired feet must
go,
And touch your lips with gladness every morning.

Touch your lips with gladness and go singing on your way,

Smiles will strangely lighten every duty;

Just a little word of cheer may span a sky of gray

With hope's own heaven-tinted bow of beauty.

Wear a pleasant face wherein shall shine a joyful heart,

As shines the sun, the happy fields adorning;

To every care-beclouded life some ray of light impart,

And touch your lips with gladness every morning.

—*Nixon Waterman.*

VALUE OF A SUNNY SOUL.

This world is too full of sadness and sorrow, misery and sickness; it needs more sunshine; it needs cheerful lives which radiate gladness; it needs encouragers who will lift and not bear down, who will encourage, not discourage. Who can estimate the value of a sunny soul who scatters gladness and good cheer wherever he goes, instead of gloom and sadness? Everybody is attracted to these cheerful faces and sunny lives, and repelled by the gloomy, the morose and the sad. We envy people who radiate cheer wherever they go and fling out gladness from every pore. Money, houses and lands look contemptible beside such a disposition.

CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
And the coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming
hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed.

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old
no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is borne
Than ever Triton blew from wreathéd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that
sings:

“Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from Heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life’s unresting sea!”

—*Holmes.*

TO A WATERFOWL.

Whither, ’midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far through their rosy depths dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler’s eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink,
On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply has sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain
flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

—Bryant.

TRUTH.

Truth is within ourselves ; it takes no rise
From outward things, whate'er you may believe,
There is an inmost center in us all,
Where truth abides in fullness ; and around,
Wall upon wall, the gross flesh hems it in,
This perfect, clear perception....

...And, to know,
Rather consists in opening out a way
Whence the imprisoned splendor may escape,
Than in effecting entry for a light
Supposed to be without.

—*Browning.*

THE SEVEN AGES.

All the world's a stage
And all the men and women merely players ;
They have their exits and their entrances ;
And one man in his time plays many parts,—
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
Then the whining school-boy with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like a furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,

Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard;
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,—
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacle on nose and pouch on side;
His youthful hose well sav'd a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans—everything.

—Shakespeare.

A LIFE-LESSON.

There! little girl; don't cry!
They have broken your doll, I know.
And your tea-set blue,
And your play-house, too,
Are things of the long ago;
But childish troubles will soon pass by—
There! little girl; don't cry!

There ! little girl ; don't cry !
They have broken your slate, I know ;
And the glad, wild ways
Of your school-girl days
Are things of the long ago ;
But life and love will soon come by.—
There ! little girl ; don't cry !

There ! little girl ; don't cry !
They have broken your heart, I know ;
And the rainbow gleams
Of your youthful dreams
Are things of the long ago ;
But Heaven holds all for which you sigh—
There ! little girl ; don't cry !

—James Whitcomb Riley.

EN VOYAGE.

Whichever way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so ;
Then, blow it east, or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.
My little craft sails not alone ;
A thousand fleets from every zone
Are out upon a thousand seas ;
What blows for one a favoring breeze
Might dash another with the shock
Of doom upon some hidden rock.

And so I do not dare to pray
For winds to waft me on my way,
But leave it to a higher will
To stay or speed me, trusting still
That all is well, and sure that He
Who launched my bark will sail with me
Through storm and calm, and will not fail,
Whatever breezes may prevail,
To land me, every peril past,
Within the sheltered haven at last.
Then, whatsoever wind doth blow,
My heart is glad to have it so;
And, blow it east, or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

—Caroline A. Mason.

A LEGEND.

There has come to my mind a legend,
A thing I had half forgot,
And whether I read it or dreamed it,
Ah, well, it matters not.

It is said that in heaven at twilight
A great bell softly swings,
A man may listen and hearken
To the wonderful music that rings.

If he puts from his heart's inner chamber
All the passion, pain, and strife,
Heartache and weary longing,
That throb in the pulses of life—

If he thrusts from his soul all hatred,
All thoughts of wicked things,
He can hear, in the holy twilight,
How the bell of the angels rings.

And I think there is in this legend,
If we open our eyes to see,
Somewhat of an inner meaning,
My friend, to you and me.

Let us look in our hearts and question :
Can pure thoughts enter in
To a soul if it be already
The dwelling of thoughts of sin ?

So then let us ponder a little ;
Let us look in our hearts and see
If the twilight bell of the angels
Could ring for us—you and me.

—*Somerville Journal.*

DO WHAT YOU FEEL YOU SHOULD.

If you've any task to do,
Let me whisper, friend, to you,
Do it.

If you've anything to say,
True and needed, yea or nay,
Say it.

If you've anything to love,
As a blessing from above,

Love it.

If you've anything to give,
That another's joy may live,

Give it.

If some hollow creed you doubt,
Though the whole world hoot and shout,

Doubt it.

If you've any debt to pay,

Rest you neither night nor day,

Pay it.

If you've any joy to hold,

Near your heart, lest it grow cold,

Hold it.

If you've any grief to meet,

At a loving Father's feet,

Meet it.

If you know what torch to light,

Guiding others in the night,

Light it.

FORWARD.

Because you may not scale the mountain peak
To comrade with the thunder-cloud or star,
Because your single arm may be too weak
To break Fate's bar.

Shall you, in sleepy indolence, recline,
Or sigh for sterner souls to lead the way,
Until the sunlight blushes into wine
At your delay?

Because you fear to try the shoreless sea,
Alone, unpiloted across the night,
Because your camp unfortified may be
For final fight.

Despair not! For, if thou but do thy best,
With present weapons against real things,
Remember Heaven, for the final test,
Will lend thee wings!

—*Ernest Neal Lyon.*

TRUE LIVING.

To be honest, to be kind ; to earn a little and to spend less ; to make upon the whole a family happier by his presence ; to renounce where that shall be necessary, and not to be embittered ; to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation ; above all, on the same grim conditions, to keep friends with himself—Here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

FLOWER IN THE CRANNIED WALL.

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies :—
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

—Tennyson.

WORK DONE SQUARELY.

The longer on this earth we live
And weigh the various qualities of men,—
The more we feel the high, stern-featured beauty
Of plain devotedness to duty.
Steadfast and still, nor paid with mortal praise,
But finding amplest recompense
For life's ungarlanded expense
In work done squarely and unwasted days.

—Lowell.

HEAVEN ON EARTH.

I bid you to live in peace and patience without fear or hatred, and to succor the oppressed and love the lowly, and to be the friends of men, so that when ye

are dead at last, men may say of you,—they brought down heaven to earth for a little while.

—*William Morris.*

MAXIMS.

We all of us tend to rise or fall together. If any set of us goes down the whole nation sags a little. If any of us raise ourselves a little, then by just so much the nation as a whole is raised.

Our republic has as one of its corner stones the education of the citizen. Education is not all. The educated scamp is a scamp still and all the more dangerous to the community, but admitting that, it is always true that, while education is not all, without it we would not amount to much.

Let no father and mother lay to their souls the flattering notion that they can shirk their duties and think that those duties were performed by the school teacher, no matter how good that teacher is. All of you know an occasional father and mother who does just that thing. We must have the education; we must have the home bringing up; we must have the trained mind; and then we must have in addition, training for what is more than mind—training for character.

Far better it is to dare mighty things, to win glorious triumphs, even though checkered by failure, than to

take rank with those poor spirits who neither enjoy much nor suffer much, because they live in the gray twilight that knows neither victory nor defeat.

Perhaps we must always advance a little by zig-zags; only we must always advance; and the zig-zags should go toward the right goal.

—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

THE SIMPLE LIFE.

But the important thing is that at the center of shifting circumstance man should remain man, live his life, make toward his goal. And whatever be his road, to make toward his goal, the traveler must not lose himself in crossways, nor hamper his movements with useless burdens. Let him heed well his direction and forces, and keep good faith; and that he may the better devote himself to the essential—which is to progress—at whatever sacrifice, let him simplify his baggage.

Simplicity is a state of mind. It dwells in the main intention of our lives. A man is simple when his chief care is the wish to be what he ought to be, that is, honestly and naturally human. And this is neither so easy nor so impossible as one might think. At bottom, it consists in putting our acts and aspirations in accordance with the law of our being, and consequently with the Eternal Intention which willed that we should be at all.

The history of humanity is the history of indomitable

hope; otherwise everything would have been over long ago. To press forward under his burdens, to guide himself in the night, to retrieve his falls and his failures, to escape despair even in death, man has need of hoping always, and sometimes against all hope. Here is the cordial that sustains him. Had we only logic, we should have long ago drawn the conclusion: Death has everywhere the last word!—and we should be dead of the idea. But we have hope, and that is why we live and believe in life.

Your religion is good if it is vital and active, if it nourishes in you confidence, hope, love, and a sentiment of the infinite value of existence; if it is allied with what is best in you against what is worst, and holds forever before you the necessity of becoming a new man; if it makes you understand that pain is a deliverer; if it increases your respect for the conscience of others; if it renders forgiveness more easy, fortune less arrogant, duty more dear, the beyond less visionary. If it does these things it is good, little matter its name. However rudimentary it may be, when it fills this office it comes from the true source, it binds you to man and to God.

When a man hates his work, or goes about it with indifference, all the forces of earth cannot make him follow it with enthusiasm. But he who loves his office moves of himself; not only is it needless to compel him, but it would be impossible to turn him aside. And this is true of everybody. The great thing is to have felt the sanctity and immortal beauty of our obscure destiny; to have been led by a series of experiences to love this

life for its griefs and its hopes, to love men for their weakness and their greatness, and to belong to humanity through the heart, the intelligence and the soul. Then an unknown power takes possession of us, as the wind of the sails of a ship, and bears us toward pity and justice. And yielding to its irresistible impulse, we say: *I cannot help it, something is stronger than I.*

—Charles Wagner.

A MORNING RESOLUTION.

I will try this day to live a simple, sincere, serene life; repelling every thought of discontent, self-seeking and anxiety, cultivating magnanimity, self-control and the habit of silence; practicing economy, cheerfulness and helpfulness.

—Bishop Vincent.

ONE DAY.

If we sit down at set of sun,
And count the things that we have done,
 And, counting, find
One self-denying act, one word
That eased the heart of him who heard,
 One glance most kind,
That fell like sunshine where it went,
Then we may count that day well spent.

—Anon.

MERCY.

The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes;
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptered sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice.

—*Shakespeare.*

MAKE YOURSELF NOBLE.

Do you ask to be the companion of nobles? Make yourself noble, and you shall be. Do you long for the conversation of the wise? Learn to understand it, and you shall hear it. But on other terms?—No. If you will not rise to us, we cannot stoop to you.

—*Ruskin.*

PURPOSE OF LIVING.

Forgive us if this day we have done or said anything to increase the pain of the world. Pardon the unkind word, the impatient gesture, the hard and selfish deed, the failure to show sympathy and kindly help where we had the opportunity, but missed it; and enable us so to live that we may daily do something to lessen the tide of human sorrow, and add to the sum of human happiness.

—*F. B. Meyer.*

ONE DAY AT A TIME.

We should be thankful that life comes to us in such little bits. We can live one day well enough; we can carry one day's burdens; we can do one day's duties; we can endure one day's sorrows. It is a blessing that this is all God ever gives us at a time. We should be thankful for the nights that cut off from our view our to-morrows, so that we cannot even see them dawn. The little days, nestling between the nights, like quiet vales between the hills, seem so safe and peaceful.

SOWING AND REAPING.

Simple steadfastness, patience and hopefulness all through the tearful sowing-time That is the lesson—very easy to state, but very, very hard to prac-

tice—which you and I must carry out in our sowing-fields if we ever reap a harvest. If we can only get it rooted in our minds that the tears, and the barrenness, and the lack of promise, and the hard toil and drudgery, and the present disappointment, mean joyful reaping by and by, that these are really God's ways to a harvest, we shall have gained very much Not in spite of these, but by means of these, the harvest is to come; and if we shun the weeping, we shall miss the reaping.

—*M. R. Vincent.*

THE TESTING TIME.

Even now from far on viewless wing,
Hither speeds the nameless thing
Shall put thy spirit to the test.
Haply, or ere yon sinking sun
Shall drop behind the purple west
All shall be lost—or won!

—*R. W. Gilder.*

THANATOPSIS.

To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides

Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware.

* * * * *

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

—*Bryant.*

EVANGELINE.

This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and
the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct
in the twilight,
Stand like druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their
bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighbor-
ing ocean speaks,
And in accents disconsolate, answers the wail of the
forest.

* * * * *

Ye who believe in affection that hopes and endures,
and is patient,
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's
devotion,
List to the mournful tradition, still sung by the pines
of the forest;
List to a tale of love in Acadie, home of the happy.
—*Longfellow.*

INDIRECTION.

Fair are the flowers and the children, but their subtle
suggestion is fairer,
Rare is the rose-burst of dawn, but the secret that
clasps it is rarer;
Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that pre-
cedes it is sweeter;
And never was poem yet writ; but the meaning out-
mastered the metre.

Never a daisy that grows, but a mystery guideth the
growing;
Never a river that flows, but a majesty sceptres the
flowing;
Never a Shakespeare that soared, but a stronger than
he did enfold him;
Nor ever a prophet fortells, but a mightier seer hath
foretold him.

Back of the canvas that throbs the painter is hinted
and hidden;
Into the statue that breathes the soul of the sculptor is
hidden;
Under the joy that is felt lie the infinite issues of feel-
ing;
Crowning the glory revealed is the glory that crowns
the revealing.

Great are the symbols of being, but that which is sym-
boled is greater;
Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the inward
creator;
Back of the sound brooks the silence, back of the gift
stands the giving.
Back of the hand that receives thrill the sensitive
nerves of receiving.

Space is as nothing to spirit, the deed is outdone by
the doing;
The heart of the wooer is warm, but warmer the heart
of the wooing;
And up from the pits where these shiver, and up from
the heights where those shine,
Twin voices and shadows swim starward, and the es-
sence of life is divine.

—Richard Realf.

WRITE THEM A LETTER TONIGHT.

Don't go to the theatre, lecture, or ball,
But stay in your room tonight;
Deny yourself to the friends that call,
And a good long letter write—
Write to the sad old folks at home,
Who sit when the day is done,
With folded hands and downcast eyes,
And think of the absent one—
Write them a letter tonight.

Don't selfishly scribble; "Excuse my haste,
I've scarcely time to write,"
Lest their brooding thoughts go wandering back
To many a by-gone night,
When they lost their needed sleep and rest,
And every breath a prayer,
That God would leave their delicate babe
To their tender love and care—
Write them a letter tonight.

Don't let them feel that you've no more need
Of their love and counsel wise;
For the heart grows strangely sensitive
When age has dimmed the eyes.

It might be well to let them believe
 You never forgot them quite—
That you deemed it a pleasure when far away,
 Long letters home to write. Then—
Write them a letter tonight.

Don't think that the young and giddy friends
 Who make your pastimes gay
Have half the anxious thoughts for you
 That the old folks have today.
For the sad old folks at home
 With locks fast turning white,
Are longing to hear of the absent one—
 Oh, write them a letter tonight.

IS IT DONE?

It is done! In the fire's fitful flashes
 The last line has withered and curled;
In a tiny white heap of dead ashes
 Lie buried the hopes of your world.
There were mad, foolish vows in each letter—
 It is well they have shriveled and burned,
And the ring! oh, the ring was a fetter;
 It was better removed and returned.

But ah! is it done? In the embers,
 Where letters and tokens were cast,
Have you burned up the heart that remembers,
 And treasures its beautiful past?

Do you think in this swift, reckless fashion
 To ruthlessly burn and destroy
The months that were freighted with passion,
 The dreams that were drunken with joy?

Can you burn up the rapture of kisses
 That flashed from the lips to the soul?
Or the heart that grows sick for lost blisses
 In spite of its strength of control?
Have you burned up the touch of warm fingers
 That thrilled through each pulse and each vein,
Or the sound of a voice that still lingers
 And hurts with a haunting refrain?

Is it done? Is the life drama ended
 You have put all the lights out, and yet,
Though the curtain, rung down, has descended,
 Can the actors go home and forget?
Ah, no! They will turn in their sleeping
 With a strange restless pain in their hearts,
And in darkness and anguish and weeping
 Will dream they are playing their parts.

THE CRUCIAL MOMENT.

To each man's life there comes a time supreme;
 One day, one night, one morning, or one noon,
 One freighted hour, one moment opportune,
One rift through which sublime fulfillments gleam,

One space when fate goes tiding with the stream,
 One once, in balance 'twixt too late, too soon,
 And ready for the passing instant's boon
To tilt in favor of the uncertain beam.
Ah, happy he who, knowing how to wait,
 Knows also how to watch, and work and, stand
 On Life's broad deck alert, and at the prow,
To seize the passing moment, big with fate,
 From opportunity's extended hand
 When the great clock of destiny strikes Now !

—*Mary A. Townsend.*

THE HAND.

The hand. Wondrous instrument! With it we give friendly recognition, and grasp the sword, and climb the rock, and write, and carve, and build. It constructed the pyramids and reared the Parthenon. It made the harp, and then struck out of it all the world's minstrelsy. It reins in the swift engine, it holds the steamer to its path in the sea, it feels the pulse of the sick child with its delicate touch, and makes the nations quake with its stupendous achievements. What power brought down the forests, and made the marshes blossom, and burdened the earth with all cities that thunder on with enterprise and power? Four fingers and a thumb. Mighty hand! In all its bones, and muscles, and joints, I learn that God is good.

—*T. DeWitt Talmage.*

BE BOLD.

Let him not boast who puts his armor on
As he who puts it off, the battle done.
Study yourselves ; and most of all note well
Wherein kind nature meant you to excel.
Not every blossom ripens into fruit ;
Minerva, inventress of the flute,
Flung it aside when she her face surveyed
Distorted in a fountain as she played :
The unlucky Marsyas found it, and his fate
Was one to make the bravest hesitate.
Write on your doors the saying wise and old :
“Be bold ! be bold !” and everywhere—“be bold !”

—Longfellow.

THE SCULPTOR BOY.

Chisel in hand stood a sculptor boy,
With his marble block before him ;
And his face lit up with a smile of joy,
As an angel dream passed o'er him,
He carved that dream on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision ;
In Heaven's own light the sculptor shone,
He had caught that angel vision.

Sculptors of life are we, as we stand
With our lives uncarved before us,
Waiting the time when at God's command,
Our life dream passes o'er us.
Let us carve it then on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision,
Its Heavenly beauty shall be our own,
Our lives—that angel vision.

NO STREAM FROM ITS SOURCE.

No stream from its source
Flows seaward, how lonely soever its course,
But what some land is gladden'd. No star ever rose
And set, without influence somewhere. Who knows
What earth needs from earth's lowest creature? No life
Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby.
The spirits of just men made perfect on high,
The army of martyrs who stand by the throne,
And gaze into the Face that makes glorious their own,
Know this, surely, at last. Honest love, honest sorrow,
Honest work for the day, honest hope for the morrow;
Are these worth nothing more than the hand they make
weary,
The heart they have sadden'd, the life they leave
dreary?
Hush! the sevenfold heavens to the voice of the spirit
Echo: He that overcometh shall all things inherit.

—Meredith.

THE HOUSE WHERE I WAS BORN.

'Round the little old deserted house the noisome weeds
are growing,
And the wind unhindered wanders through the
broken eastern door;
Every rafter, beam, and sash the finger-marks of Time
is showing,
And Decay is running riot o'er the rubbish-covered
floor.
Here a rotting pillar staggers; there an aged beam is
falling;
Over yonder sags the mantel-piece, dejected and
forlorn;
There is helplessness pathetic and the voice of Old Age
calling
From each crumbling bit of mortar in the house
where I was born.
Here before the ancient fireplace, where the dust of
years is lying,
I first saw the future pictured as I watched the em-
bers glow;
Here I lay in boyish dreaming, while the shadows flit-
ting, flying,
Were a hundred ghosts of fancy as they wandered to
and fro;
Little knew I of the universe which spread itself
around me
In a canopy of azure and a sea of waving corn;

All my world was on the hearthstone where my childhood dreaming found me;
I was king—and my dominion was the house where I was born.

They were happy days—God rest them!—for my feet had ne'er been straying
Where the soul is bruised and broken by the brambles of turmoil;
Ne'er the long years of anxiety my temples had been graying,
Nor my weary form bowed earthward 'neath the heavy hand of toil;
Earth was then a wonder palace. From the eastern window gazing
I beheld the new moon hanging like a shining silver horn;
And far down upon the heavens bright the evening star was blazing;
Both were shining, just to please me, o'er the house where I was born.

I have passed from it forever. All the wonder and the glamour
Of the little eastern window from the world have worn away;
I have seen its disappointment; I have heard its empty clamor;
And the house I once thought wonderful—how pitiful to-day!

But who knows?—Perhaps eternity may bring a realizing

Of the things my fancy painted over childhood's early morn;

And, mayhap, the gift of prophecy was, after all, arising

In my heart when I lay dreaming in the house where I was born.

—*Lowell Otus Reese.*

ALL THINGS ESSENTIAL.

Bound to the wheel of life we whirl through space,
Whence the beginning, where the resting place,
And what the purpose, no man can explain,
But this we know—God made no thing in vain.

Each is essential to the rounded scheme.
The anchored mountain and the moving stream,
The sea below us, and the stars on high,
All, all obey the Cause, nor question why.

Glad is the mountain in the morning's kiss.
The river laughs and leaps the precipice.
The sea shouts loud Hosannas, while above
The eyes of planets radiate with love.

Thou art a portion of the perfect whole.
Be glad, be glad of life, immortal soul.

THE BLIND WEAVER.

A blind boy stood beside the loom,
And wove a fabric, to and fro,
Beneath his firm and steady touch
He made the busy shuttle go.

And oft the teacher passed that way,
And gave the colors, thread by thread,
But by the boy the pattern fair
Was all unseen, its hues were dead.

"How can you weave?" we pitying cried.
The blind boy smiled. "I do my best,
I make the fabric firm and strong,
And he who sees does all the rest."

Oh happy thought! Beside Life's loom
We blindly strive our best to do,
And He who marks the pattern out,
And holds the thread will make it true.

—*Beth Day.*

SOMETIME WE'LL UNDERSTAND.

Not now but in the coming years,
It may be in the better land,
We'll read the meaning of our tears,
And there, sometime, we'll understand.

We'll know why clouds instead of sun
Were over many a cherish'd plan,
Why song has ceased when scarce begun;
'Tis there sometime we'll understand.

Why what we long for most of all,
Eludes so oft our eager hand;
Why hopes are crushed and castles fall,
Up there sometime we'll understand.

God knows the way, he holds the key,
He guides us with unerring hand;
Sometime with tearless eye we'll see;
Yes, there, up there, we'll understand.

Then trust in God through all the days;
Fear not, for he doth hold thy hand;
Though dark thy way, still sing and praise;
Sometime, sometime, we'll understand.

—*Maxwell N. Cornelius, D. D.*

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on.

Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on.
I loved the garish day: and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long thy power hast blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone.
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

—John Henry Newman.

TRUST.

Trust not to self
To guide thine own frail bark
O'er stormy wave to the desired haven.
Thy God knows all the way;
And He will keep thee
When the mist and darkness fall,
Nor will he let thee wander from thy course.

—H. C. L.

ONLY A LITTLE SHRIVELED SEED.

Only a little shriveled seed—
It might be flower or grass or weed;
Only a box of earth on the edge
Of a narrow, dusty window ledge;
Only a few scant summer showers;
Only a few clear shining hours,
That was all. Yet God could make
Out of these for a sick child's sake,
A blossom—wonder as fair and sweet
As ever broke at an angel's feet.

Only a life of barren pain,
Wet with sorrowful tears for rain:
Warmed sometimes by a wandering gleam
Of joy that seemed but a happy dream:—
A life as common and brown and bare
As the box of earth in the window there,
Yet it bore at last the precious bloom
Of a perfect soul in a narrow room.—
Pure as the snowy leaves that fold
Over the flower's heart of gold.

—*Henry Van Dyke.*

THE MASTER'S TOUCH.

In the still air the music lies unheard ;
In the rough marble beauty hides unseen ;
To make the music and the beauty needs
The master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen.
Great Master, touch us with Thy skillful hand ;
Let not the music that is in us die :
Great Sculptor, hew and polish us ; nor let
Hidden and lost, Thy form within us lie !

—*Horatius Bonar.*

CHRISTIAN FRIENDSHIP.

A sound of church bells on a working day,
A cross amidst a crowded market-place,
That like a benediction seems to lay
On all that restless throng a spell of grace.
E'en such, sweet friend, hath been the thought of thee,
When heavy on my heart the world hath leant.

We are two solitary barks at sea
That on strange waters touched, and found we
went—
Each to the same fair land ; and though we be
Long out of sight, like chance companions parted,
Across the drear world drifting lonely,
Yet ne'er again can we be lonely-hearted,

For the sweet hope shall haunt us evermore,
Of pacing hand in hand along the Eternal shore.
—*Miss Marriott.*

MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrim's pride,
From ev'ry mountain side,
 Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
 Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills
 Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
 Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
 The sound prolong.

Our father's God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light.
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

—*S. F. Smith.*

PSALM 23.

The Lord is my shepherd;
I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul:
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his
name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow
of death, I will fear no evil:
For thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they com-
fort me.
Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of
mine enemies:
Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days
of my life:
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

PSALM I.

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly,
Nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful,
But his delight is in the law of the Lord;
And in his law doth he meditate day and night.
And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season;
His leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper,
The ungodly are not so:
But are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.
Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment;
Nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.
For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous:
But the way of the ungodly shall perish.

I CORINTHIANS 13.

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels,
And have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.
And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge, and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains,

And have not charity, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor,
and though I give my body to be burned,

And have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long and is kind ; charity envieth not ;
charity vaunteth not itself,

Is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seek-
eth not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no
evil ;

Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth ;
Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all
things, endureth all things.

Charity never faileth :

But whether there be prophecies, they shall fail ;
whether there be tongues, they shall cease ; whether
there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

But when that which is perfect is come, then that which
is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as
a child, I thought as a child ;

But when I became a man, I put away childish things.

For now we see through a glass, darkly ;

But then face to face :

Now I know in part ;

But then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three ;

But the greatest of these is charity.

FROM ORDINANCE OF 1787.

Religion, morality, and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged.

One deed may mar a life,
And one can make it;
Hold firm thy will for strife,
Lest a quick blow break it!

Kind looks, kind words, kind acts, and warm hand shakes, these are secondary means of grace when men are in trouble and are fighting their unseen battles.

—John Hall.

God's will is an Angel bearing in his hand a little lamp to light you step by step on your heaven-ward way, at last bringing you to the door of home.

—J. R. Miller.

In a world where death is, there is no time to hate.

Love will catch the likeness of the thing beloved.
—H. Coleridge.

The highest statement of the culture of a human nature, and of the best attainment that is set before it,

is that as it grows better it grows more transparent and more simple; more capable, therefore, of simply and truly transmitting the life and will of God behind it.

—*Phillips Brooks.*

Life is an arrow—therefore you must know
What mark to aim at, how to use the bow—
Then draw it to the head and let it go.

—*Henry Van Dyke.*

A CHRISTMAS SERMON.

We require higher tasks, because we do not recognize the height of those we have. Trying to be kind and honest seems an affair too simple and too inconsequential for gentlemen of our heroic mould; we had rather set ourselves to something bold, arduous, and conclusive; we had rather found a schism or suppress a heresy, cut off a hand or mortify an appetite.

There is an idea abroad among moral people that they should make their neighbors good. One person I have to make good; myself. But my duty to my neighbor is much more nearly expressed by saying that I have to make him happy—if I may.

Here lies one who meant well, tried a little, failed much:—surely that may be his epitaph, of which he need not be ashamed.

In his own life, then, a man is not to expect happiness, only to profit by it gladly when it shall arise; he is on duty here; he knows not how or why, and does

not need to know ; he knows not for what hire, and must not ask. Somehow or other, though he does not know what goodness is, he must try to be good ; somehow or other, though he cannot tell what will do it, he must try to give happiness to others.

To scramble through this random business with hands reasonably clean, to have played the part of a man or woman with some reasonable fullness, to have often resisted the diabolic, and at the end to be still resisting it, is for the poor human soldier to have done right well. To ask to see some fruit of our endeavor is but a transcendental way of serving for reward ; and what we take to be contempt of self is only greed of hire.

A man may have a flaw, a weakness, that unfits him for the duties of life, that spoils his temper, that threatens his integrity, or that betrays him into cruelty. It has to be conquered ; but it must never be suffered to engross his thoughts. The true duties lie all upon the farther side, and must be attended to with a whole mind so soon as this preliminary clearing of the decks has been effected. In order that he may be kind and honest, it may be needful he should become a total abstainer ; let him become so then, and the next day let him forget the circumstance. Trying to be kind and honest will require all his thoughts ; a mortified appetite is never a wise companion ; in so far as he has to mortify an appetite, he will still be the worse man.

To look back upon the past year, and see how little we have striven and to what small purpose ; and how often we have been cowardly and hung back, or

rushed unwisely in; and how every day and all day long we have transgressed the laws of kindness;—it may seem a paradox, but in the bitterness of these discoveries a certain consolation resides. Life is not designed to minister to a man's vanity.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

The year is closed—the record made,
The last deed done—the last word said;
The memory alone remains of
All it's joys, it's griefs, it's gains;
And now with purpose full and clear,
I turn to meet another year.

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